Memorial Service

for

His Most Excellent Majesty

King George V

Sunday, February 2, 1936

at 4 P. M.

The Church of the Redeemer

Lower Merion, Bryn Mawr

Pennsylvania

A Memorial Service

Organ Prelude, *Funeral March* *Chopin*

Hymn

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719; Psalm 90

Sentences and Prayers

(*The Reverend Richard H. Gurley*)

Psalm 21

THE KING shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not denied him the request of his lips.

For thou shalt meet him with the blessings of goodness, and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head.

He asked life of thee; and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.

His honour is great in thy salvation; glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him.

For thou shalt give him everlasting felicity, and make him glad with the joy of thy countenance.

And why? because the King putteth his trust in the Lord; and in the mercy of the Most Highest he shall not miscarry.

Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength; so will we sing, and praise thy power.

Gloria.

First Lesson—*Wisdom III : 1 - 8*

(The Reverend Andrew Mutch, D.D.)

Magnificat—*Barnby*

Book of Common Prayer, Page 26

Second Lesson—*Revelation XXI : 1 - 7*

(His Britannic Majesty's Consul General)

Nunc Dimittis—*Blow*

Book of Common Prayer, Page 28

Creed and Prayers

(Canon Ernest C. Earp)

Anthem

THE LORD is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to rest in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside still waters, He giveth peace unto my soul, He leadeth me in paths of goodness, for His Name's Sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale of shadows, no evil will I fear, for Thou art still with me. Thy rod and staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest here a table for me in presence of mine enemies; my head with oil Thou; anointest my cup runneth over; yea, surely peace and mercy all my life shall follow me: and I will dwell with God evermore.

Hymn

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose aweful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Rudyard Kipling, 1897-1936

Address

Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.; K.C.M.G.

Hymn

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Benediction

Vesper—*H. Walford Davies*

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at mine end, and at my departing.

March (from Saul)—*Handel*

The Last Post